

# VOLCANO MARSHALL IN FAR-AWAY CHINA

Through the kindness of a Honolulu friend, I received a copy of the Cable Edition of the Advertiser. Being slightly acquainted with newspaper work, I was impressed with the excellence of the publication. I perused with much interest contributed articles on the "Eight most important events in the history of Hawaii." And I must say that I was greatly disappointed, ay, pained, at the conclusions of their authors, for not in a single instance was mention made of that greatest and overshadowing of all events in Hawaii—the establishment of a free and intelligent press.

In the same number of the Advertiser I read with much pleasure the announcement that on the following morning, Sunday, January 4, the initial number of the Sunday Advertiser would make its appearance. In the benignity of my mind, possibly my heart, I said: "It is worthy of encouragement; I will submit an article to its editor for publication." And then apprehension, distrust, and perplexity seized me. "Is it right," I said. "Is it setting a good example to the innocent youth of Hawaii, for you, who served four months and a half in the Honolulu jail, to contribute an article to the Sunday paper there, even if the cable has reached that sun-kissed land?"

It is always embarrassing to a writer—at least it is to me—to essay contribution to the early numbers of a publication; embarrassing, lest the contribution be rejected, or if accepted painful lest it strangle what otherwise would have been a bright, long-lived and useful creation before it has made sufficient friends to have a decent and orderly number of weeping mourners in attendance on its funeral.

China is called the Celestial Empire. It has never been thoroughly explored by Europeans, and I presume that is the reason why it has been so named. The reformation of China! How is it to be accomplished? Asia was the



VOLCANO MARSHALL'S COAT OF ARMS.

cradle of man. Man migrated from Asia to Europe and America. China is the oldest civilization known. In the attempted reformation of China is the world to return to barbarism.

These thoughts came to my mind the other day as I stood in an immense joss house, filled with worshipping and devout Chinamen, kneeling before huge gods, man-made, man-carved gods; unloving, malignant, hell-visaged gods; horror-producing gods; gods at least thirty feet in height, made of wood, of stone, of metal, incrustated with gold, studded with precious stones, mined, according to Chinese history, ages before the birth of Moses, the flight of the Children of Israel, the birth of Solomon and the building of Solomon's Temple.

The Mongolian mythographer who accompanied me, said that there were gods of war, of peace, of storm, of wind, of calm, of the chase, of the arts, of the sciences, of letters, of the sea, of the air and of the heavens. Ye gods, I never saw so many gods!

In propinquity to each god was a small fire. On these fires silver-incrustated paper, made to represent blocks of bulion, were placed by the devout, in offering. As the flames from these blocks shot upward, the oblate would cast himself on his face in front of the god he wished to propitiate, and from which he desired favor, intoning weird language which, to me, and I also think to the god, was unintelligible. However, in saying this, I don't wish to be thought sacrilegious, and, if I am, I won't say it.

The god of war seemed to have the biggest monopoly—a trust, as it were. I stood several minutes in front of the god of letters in meditation, fancy free. Here, in this so-called dark land of the Far East, peopled by countless millions, was the cradle, not only of man, but of religion, of mythology. A sudden impulse seized me. I motioned the boy, attired in brown-colored vestments, who had the silver-incrustated blocks for sale, and bought a string of them. I threw them on the fire, simultaneously falling on my face, intoning, "Jo Anderson, My Jo, John."

As I arose, my Mongolian companion whispered: "Yo' white now allee samee Confucius!"

In acquiring the ability, through fire and worship, to write like Confucius I obtained additional evidence of a pronounced trait in Chinese character, which is cupidity.

In the purchase of the consecrated paper blocks, I paid ten cents, Mexican money; mongolian worshippers paid five cash, got a bigger lot and considerably more string. In a Mexican dollar there are 860 cash (a brass coin with a square cut in it).

It will thus be seen that in the temples of the gods, the lust of greed is not stayed, either by the Chinese or by their gods. What a moral there is attached to this incident!

The reformation of China! How is it to be accomplished? For the last two months and more I have been studying the Chinese; in fact, I have studied them for twenty years. But for more than two months I have studied them in their native land, in one of their most populous centers, alive, surging with humanity. I have seen the Chinaman at home, in his back yard, as he is. And I want to say, and I will say, that there is no reformation for China. The Chinese do not want reformation; and what is more, they will not have reformation.

Life, to them, possesses no value; but their traditions and their customs are priceless. They are more stoical than the Greek philosophers who enriched man's learning with sublime thought. China wants to be let alone. She is dead to every blandishment of so-called Western civilization. Countless ages ago China forged and was wearing the chains she is wearing today. She is grounded in her faith.

"Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep, And doesn't know where to find them; Leave them alone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails behind them."

And that is the way with China. Occasionally they are lost. Leave them alone, and while they may not wag their tails, they certainly will be behind them; and if they won't, I'm a red parrot, cracking hickory nuts with my voice.

In the attempted reformation of China, is the world to return to barbarism? The student of sociology sees in the Chinese a remarkable race of the world; a race that can and does withstand all climates, torrid heat and frigid cold. The Chinaman is a beast of burden, and at the same time is possessed of acute mental powers. Where he has come in contact with white civilization that civilization has gravitated, alarmingly gravitated, toward the Chinaman, which has been downward; the Chinaman has never gravitated

toward it; in the contact he has never been uplifted; he has always pulled down, and pulled irresistibly hard.

The Great Wall, skirting China on the north, was built to keep China in seclusion. Occidental civilization, in trade conquest, approached China from the ocean. And what is the result? Today many countries are building walls to keep out Chinese invasion. It threatens the world. Unobstructed, the Chinese would overrun the world. And when they do, it is as certain as the revolution of the earth that the world will return to barbarism. Where else can it go?

In a conflict between Chinese civilization and white civilization, the latter will fade and perish from the earth. The white nation that succeeds in inducing Chinamen to leave their own country and go to it in large numbers is lost. Time will obliterate it from the world's map.

With China, history has never repeated itself. Other nations have risen, achieved greatness, and fallen. Not so with China; yesterday she was the same as today, and on the morrow there will be no change. Keep her in the fetters of isolation and she is safe; burst those fetters, and Occidental civilization is lost, irretrievably and forever lost.

The industrial sights that I have seen in this wonderful land!—conditions which make the land wonderful to me.

In this immense city there isn't a truck or a dray. Everything—heavy iron castings, rollers for street work, huge building stones, bales of cotton, silks and furs—is hauled or carried by man; men are cheaper than horses and far less expensive to keep. In Chinese oldtown, with a reputed population of 700,000 persons, the streets are mere lanes, the widest being less than seven feet. Devious and tortuous are the alleys, crowded with people who show their hatred of foreign white devils at every alley's turning. In this congested hole, reeking with filth, odoriferous in a thousand and one stinks, not a "rickshaw" can enter. Here the industrial sights are marvelous. There are carvers of ivory and of wood, polishers of precious stones, workers in gold, silver, brass, copper, tin and iron, dyers of silk, weavers of gorgeous tapestries, furriers—the eye is bewildered by the multifariousness of Oriental occupation, at the callings of these Mongolian children of Gibeon.

The visitor stumbles on and on in wonderment. Wherever his eye rests everything is being made by hand. There isn't a lathe, there isn't a piece of machinery, there isn't an electric motor—everything is hand, hand, hand labor! It's nothing but work, work, work, from childhood to the going out of life's candle. Hood's "Song of the Shirt," pathetic as it is, is nothing when compared to the wail of industrial China.

Ah, how often in touring Chinese old town did I stop to ask myself what is life to these people! But, like themselves, I could get no satisfactory answer. But why look on the dark side of life! Industrial China has but one side. It is dark, it is black, penetrated by not one small hope, infinitesimal though it be.

Chinese humor is demoniacal. When in Chinese old town there was a paver removing a badly crushed flag-stone, I asked him how it was broken. "Linn, he done," pointing to a boy down the alley. As I approached the boy I saw that he was blind. What a picture of squalor he, in his rags, presented! Behind him was a girl, malformed, denuded. She was singing for alms. The slightest boy accompanied her walling by violently beating his head on a flag-stone. The ground shook from the intensity of his action.

That was their calling in industrial China. There were beggars every where. Lepers, women with babes at breast, boys, girls and men—everybody was occupied in making something, even the beggars.

What is a comprador? It was that that I tried to find out the other day and succeeded. What put me in quest of the information happened this way: I had written a number of articles for the "North-China News," which is the London "Times" of the Orient, and I went to discuss money and the prevailing rate of exchange with the manager. "The News" building is an imposing three-story structure on The Bund (Broadway of the Orient). I found the manager, a genial gentleman, in a back office and made known my wants.

"Why," said he, "we pay our editorial contributors every six months!" I was astounded, fell helplessly into a chair, overcome, and remained so for several minutes. Regaining somewhat my composure, I told him that I was a pupil in poverty's school; a stranger

without visible means of support; an orphan without means, having seven sisters and three brothers, likewise orphans, who, in their indigency, relied on me for support.

This moved him. He went and consulted the editor, returned, sat down at a desk, and filled in a blank. As he was doing so, he asked if that was my right name. I told him that the surname was bona fide, but the given name came from two craters that I had had the timidity and misfortune of fuelizing when in a state of intense activity, and into which, in both cases, the government had hurled an iceberg of no mean proportions, creating a sizzling noise and extinguishing the fire.

The voucher being made out he told me to go to the comprador and get my money. I thanked him and bade him good day. Across the face of the paper he gave me was "Comprador Warrant" in big, proclaiming green letters that would have attracted attention at a St. Patrick's day parade in New York.

Passing from the manager's office I entered a large room in which several white accountants were at work. Approaching one with reddish beard and bimetallic countenance I asked, "Are you the cashier?" at the same time presenting the voucher. He glanced at it remarking snappishly, "That's a comprador warrant."

"Where in thunder," said I, "do I get it cashed?"

"Boy!" he shouted, and a lamb-like Mongolian in blue gown, black cap with red knot on top, obsequiously appeared, "show this man the way to the comprador."

We passed out of the room into a narrow hall; out of the hall and immense building into an alley; out of the alley into another alley; up that alley and down another alley into another alley from which we entered a small room, six by four feet, as naked of furniture as an eel in sand is of beauty. "Are you the comprador?" said I, handing a Chinaman the warrant.

He took the voucher, scanned it closely, held it up to the light, turned it over, returned it to me and said laconically, "Sign!"

But there was nothing in the bare room with which to sign it. The comprador—for such I took him to be—disappeared and shortly returned with a lead pencil. I signed the warrant. He took it and entered a much smaller room, stooped over a diminutive safe and fayed with the combination for some time. Finally he opened the safe and paid me. In the confounding of alleys I had much difficulty in reaching The Bund.

Immediately I went and saw Captain C. F. Pope who has resided, barring a few months residence in Manila, for years in China. "A comprador," said he, "is a Chinaman who finances an enterprise. If you have a business proposition you secure a comprador. He gives a bond of five, ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty thousand dollars, whatever the amount may be. This is deposited in a bank and you can draw on it. That comprador is responsible for every dollar that is paid out or taken in. No, under Chinese law, he is not a partner. You merely pay him a salary."

"Captain," said I, falling on his neck, "for heaven's sake find me a comprador!"

"Impossible!" he replied with moist eyes, "I am looking for one myself!" This is a great place for class distinction. To create a commotion in society's swim one must have a coat-of-arms. I have a coat-of-arms. When I arrived here from Manila and looked over the situation and Phelan-like, based on, I felt bad—my purse would not permit me to purchase an overcoat and coat-of-arms—it was either an overcoat without a coat-of-arms, or a coat-of-arms without an overcoat; if a coat-of-arms without an overcoat, I would freeze to the marrow; if an overcoat without a coat-of-arms, I couldn't enter that society which my sponsors in baptism intended that I should. I concluded that it was far preferable to freeze to death in Northern China than to dwell in the tents of the nobodies. And coat-of-arms it was. Since obtaining the crest I have been entertained by the Viceroy of Nanking, the Tai-tai, or Mayor of Shanghai, the British Consul General, the German Admiral and lesser notables. I am permitted to ring every door bell in Shanghai, whether of English, German or French make, later to be most graciously received in the drawing room. I understand that the Empress Dowager and His Imperial Majesty, Kuang Hsu, feel very kindly toward me. I am the only American who has ever contributed an article to the "Peking Gazette," which enjoys the distinction of being the oldest and most conservative journal extant. So great is my popularity in society that I was urgently solicited to referee a physical culture contest between Patsy Casey of Manila and George St. Clair of Brooklyn, N. Y., at the Chang Su Ho Garden on the 7th instant, which I declined.

I do not mention these social triumphs—due entirely to my possessing a coat-of-arms—ostentatiously or vainly. I am trying to live down the past, to push it behind me, to forget it. In this widely read journal, and in this, what I think will be more than widely read article, I want to caution my many friends in Hawaii to be careful. I beseech those who come to China to refrain from mentioning that I spent four months and a half in the Hawaiian penitentiary. If this should become known it would ruin me in the society of which I am a shining light! Do be careful, I implore you!

VOLCANO MARSHALL.  
Shanghai, February 1, 1903.

Note—The weapons resting on the skull of the coat-of-arms are boloes. In the crest, of which the drawing is a facsimile, the symmetry of the horns of the left carabao rampant has been shockingly marred, due to too much rubbing against distinguished society.

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